

Jean Wilbur



The
Whirlpool

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THE WHIRLPOOL

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DEDICATION

We, the Class of '43, affectionately dedicate this edition of the Whirlpool to former members of the Pennell Faculty who have left us to serve in the Armed Forces of their country. We miss them all exceedingly, but we realize they are still helping us in a bigger, better way as they serve us now.



FRANK RECORD



WILLIS HANCOCK



BENJAMIN F. FREEMAN



S. EARLE RICHARDS



ALFRED N. TIMBERLAKE



WILLIAM L. SMALL

WHIRLPOOL BOARD

Back row, left to right: Walter Stewart, Clifford Purinton, Marion Thompson, Robert Purinton, Shirley Purinton, Harold Cooper, Janice Doughty.
Front row, left to right: Ethel Tripp, Colleen Blake, Emily Maxwell, Marilyn Cole, Norma Humphrey.



IN GRATIFICATION

We, the Editorial Staff, take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation to the student body for their literary contributions; to the advertisers, for their generous support, and to all others who have in any way helped in the creation of this edition of the Whirlpool.

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EDITORIALS

EDUCATION AN ESSENTIAL FACTOR FOR SUCCESS

Many people wonder why education is essential. There are numerous reasons which are immediately apparent. One of the first would be this: The welfare of the people is determined by the training which the young receive. We all realize that the school gives the best training to be secured outside of the home. Therefore, children are sent to school as soon as they are five or six years old, so their training may begin at once.

In order to protect our democracy and to make freedom possible, people must have an education, since self-government without knowledge is impossible. Without proper learning, our people would not be able to judge the merits of the various candidates for office, and our public welfare would be endangered.

Our country is accommodating aliens every day. These people with methods of living and mannerisms differing from ours have to learn our methods in order to survive. The task of Americanization was given to the school. No other agency could have performed it so well.

In this country the idea of democracy means that every individual has the right to advance as far as his talents will allow him. In order for everyone to have a chance to develop his ability to its maximum, one must have the necessary training. Opportunities are offered by the schools to these young people that may further their talents. In order to create equal possibilities, each child must be surrounded by the environment which will be most advantageous to his particular interests.

I believe the main reason for parents' sending their children to school is that they wish each child to be a success. It is their desire that each child have the widest range of opportunities which they realize are offered by having the correct training and education. Every parent tries to procure for his child the best advantages possible, so that he will have a better chance at life and security in this mobile world. Through the enlarged privileges offered by the school, an individual's talents have an opportunity to develop to their utmost.

Our young people must have the best education that can be provided; for since we are all dependent on the younger generation, must we not see that they receive proper guidance? Surely it is most essential that everyone realize the great importance of education.

Now that we are at war, training is more important than ever. An education will be the most important factor for security after this war is won. Upon the superiority of education will depend this nation's or any other nation's ability to survive in the contest for post-war democracy. Education is a necessity if we are to secure ALL TIME PEACE!

Colleen L. Blake, '44.

HIGH SCHOOL VICTORY CORPS

In the secondary schools throughout the Nation a change in the curriculum is rapidly taking place. Instead of Latin, Greek, and many like courses, the emphasis is put on science and mathematics, Preflight Aeronautics Training, and PreInduction Training for critical occupations.

Modern war is a battle of technicians and specialists, both in the combat forces and in the armies of workers on the home front. Much of the basic language of the technician is derived from mathematics and science. Thus we need to develop new or emergency courses of these subjects which would serve the needs of youths who have a short time to prepare themselves for entry into a specific field of military or civilian service.

In this war the air services are taking an exceedingly important part. To anticipated needs of the Army and Navy Air Forces, there is every indication that all qualified boys in the junior and senior classes of high school must be considered as potential candidates for aviation training. It is of great importance, therefore, that every boy who can meet the high physical and mental qualifications established for admission to aviation-cadet training be given the opportunity to receive Preflight training in aeronautics. Such training would aid the completion of either the Army or Navy aviation-cadet program.

At many schools as at Pennell, a regular course in aeronautics is offered, and regular preflight textbooks are being used. Undoubtedly this will be enlarged during the forthcoming year.

Many boys are faced with induction into the Armed Services as soon as they graduate. The Army requires that inductees have at least a fourth grade education, so a good general high-school education is a benefit, while anyone with the preinduction training would definitely have an advantage. Especially valuable is a knowledge of mathematics and science, as well as sound training in English and the social studies; at the same time physical fitness is of the utmost importance to the soldier and sailor.

Students in the nation's 28,000 secondary schools are eager to do their part for victory. To utilize more fully this eagerness to serve, to organize it into effective action, the United States Office of Education in collaboration with the War Department, the

Navy Department, and the Department of Commerce have recommended the organization of a Victory Corps in every American high school, large or small, public or private.

These departments have formed the National Policy Committee to urge the organization of the Victory Corps as a high-school youth sector in the all-out effort of our total war.

The objectives of the high-schools' wartime program which the Victory Corps promotes are: (1) The training of Youth for that war service that will come after they leave school; and (2) the active participation of Youth in the community's war effort while they are yet in school. The first seems closer to what goes on in school classrooms and shops; the second to the out-of-the-class activities of the students. The Victory Corps organization takes account of both.

This organization will have charge of the PreFlight and PreInduction Training Program. Physical fitness, military drill, and War-time Citizenship are also promoted.

One aspect of the responsibilities of the school for education for community service occupations and tasks under the Victory Corps deserves special mention. Short courses, dealing with aircraft spotting, building of scale and modern aircraft, care of young children, home nursing, first aid, and air raid warden service are being introduced into the school's wartime curriculum.

Food is very essential. It is highly probable that many more girls will be needed to take the places of men drawn from the farms to serve in the armed forces. The Victory Corps has shouldered the responsibility of providing training for agricultural aides, whether among farm girls or city girls.

This is only a small part of the program planned by the Victory Corps.

Paul V. McNutt, Chairman of the War Manpower Commission voices our opinion of this movement with, "A Victory Corps in every secondary school will do much to stimulate America's 6.5 million high-school Youth to prepare themselves to help meet critical manpower needs in the months ahead. Moreover, it will give these students an opportunity to identify themselves immediately and directly with the war effort through various forms of service activities."

Arnold M. Hall, '43.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

We started our fourth year at Ponnell in September, 1942. After taking inventory of the class we found that Martin Lashua had left us to go to Springfield, Vermont, leaving us with nine members of the original twenty when we entered as Freshmen.

THE SENIORS

BEATRICE LOUISE ADLER

"Bea"

Transferred from Falmouth High School 4; Dramatic Club 4 Glee Club 4; Outing Club 4; Arts and Crafts 4; Bible Study 4 Bank Teller 4; Milk Manager 4; Asst. Editor of Pennelite.

Bea is a new-comer to the class
And with E. D. her time does pass.
She has blond hair and bright blue eyes,
Though she's not quiet, she's really quite wise.



GILES CARR

"Jack"

Basketball 1,2,3; Baseball 1; Track 3; Arts and Crafts 1,2,3,4; Whirlpool Board 3; Glee Club 1,2; Pageant 1,2,3,4; President 1,2; Treasurer 4.

Giles is a little boy and not very high.
He has dark hair and light blue eyes.
He is very dependable, and this I know---
We shall miss him immensely, wherever he goes.



MILO GAY CUMMINGS, JR.

"Junior"

Orchestra 1,2,3; Band 1,2; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,2; Basketball 1,2,3; Vice President 4; Pageant 4; Marshal 2; Athletic Editor of Whirlpool 3; President 3.

Milo seems happy and ever quite gay.
He has traveled four years to and from North Gray.
Gas rationing hardly stops him a bit---
For to Dutton Hill he makes his nightly trip.



ARNOLD MERTON HALL

"Dazzle"

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Class Secretary 1,2; Student Council 3,4; Basketball 1,2,3; Dramatic Club 4; Vice President of Student Council 4; Minstrel Show 1; Bible Study 4; School Reporter 3,4; Arts and Crafts 1,2,3; Dramatic Club Play 4; Editor-in-Chief of Whirlpool 3; Leader of Magazine Drive 4; Track 3; Graduation Usher 2; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Exchange Editor of Pennelite 1; Editor of Pennelite 4; Candy and Milk Manager 3,4; Panel Discussion Leader, State Student Council Meeting 3; Entertainment Chairman, Senior Fair 4; Senior Drama 3; Christmas Pageant 4; School Treasurer 4; Teller of School Bank 3,4; First Aid 3; Toastmaster at Athletic Banquet 3.

Arnold is a studious boy.
Getting good ranks his great joy.
With friendship and cheer, he's helped us all---
To lift our spirits and school morale.



SHIRLEY KUCH

"Shirley"

Glee Club 1,2; Arts and Crafts 1,2,3; Student Council 1,2; Cheerleader 2; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Class Secretary 3,4; Basketball Manager 3; Bible Study 3; Literary Editor of Whirlpool 3; Librarian 4; General Chairman of Senior Fair 4.

Shirley and Carlton are always together,
No matter where or what the weather.
To her a lot of credit is due---
And to old P. I. she'll always be true.



LEE MITCHELL

Arts and Crafts 1,2,3; Christmas Pageant 1,2,3; Bible Study 1,2,3; Pennellites on Parade.

Three years ago
To Pennell there came
This boy from Intervale.
Congratulations, Lee,
We know you've reached your aim.



GERALDINE FRANCES POLLARD

"Gerry"

Arts and Crafts 1,2,3; Outing Club 4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Bible Study 2,3,4; Whirlpool Board 3; Pageant 1,2,3,4; Glee Club Concert 1,2,3.

Gerry is smiling all the day long
If things are right or if they are wrong.
I hope for her sake, they don't ration State trucks.
Because for her that would be terrible luck.



JEANNE SMITH

"Jeannie"

Transferred from South Portland High 2; Softball 2,3; Track 2; Basketball 3; Treasurer of Student Council 3; President of Student Council 4; Bible Study 3,4; Arts and Crafts 3; Glee Club 2,3; Dramatic Club 4; Whirlpool Board 3; Pageant 3.

With Jeanne lies talent in many lanes.
As a guard in basketball, she has helped win games.
To the Glee Club her voice has given much help,
And we all want to wish her joy and good health.



ELIZABETH STETSON

"Betty"

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Bible Study 2,3,4; Arts and Crafts 2; Whirlpool Board 3; Christmas Pageant 1,2,3,4; Concert 1,2,3.

Betty is a girl about five feet six.
She is generally happy and never perplexed.
We wonder where Johnny can be at this date???
Maybe he has been at a Southern Station of late.

EARLE WILSON

"Earlie"

Baseball 1,2,3; Track 1,2; Arts and Crafts 2,3; Whirlpool Board 3; Class President 4; Class Marshal 3; Band 1; Pageant 4; Basketball 1,2,3.

Earle is the Romeo of Class '43.
On our basketball team, a star was he.
His school days here have been joyful, I know.
And we hope he'll be happy wherever he goes.



At our first class meeting the following were elected:

President-----Earle Wilson
Vice President-----Milo Cummings
Secretary-----Shirley Kuch
Treasurer-----Giles Carr

To represent us in Student Council we elected Jeanne Smith and Arnold Hall. Jeanne was made President of the Student Council.

Two of the Seniors participated in the Dramatics Club play, "Aunt Jerushy on the War Path." They were Beatrice Adler and Arnold Hall. We have started our plans for the Senior Fair which we hope to have the first of April.

We have enjoyed our four years at Pennell and shall look back on them as four of our happiest years at school.

Shirley Kuch, '43.

"PENNELLITES ON PARADE"

On April 8th and 9th the seniors and faculty presented a brilliant revue "Pennellites on Parade" at Stimson Memorial Hall. On the opening night the hall was "packed to the aisles." The second night found another large and responsive audience. Both students and faculty gave a fine performance, flavored with music and drama, spiced with humor and topped off with the intricate dance routines of the Floradora Girls and Miss Reilly, coach. The revue was climaxed by the assembling of the entire cast on the stage as a rag picture of General MacArthur was assembled.

The success of the production was largely due to Mr. White who with the members of the cast, worked untiringly.

The seniors take this occasion to thank the members of the other classes, who participated in the show, for their generous support and cooperation.

Shirley Kuch

JUNIOR ACTIVITIES

This year twenty-four of us juniors came back to find ourselves back in the same room we had last year. That suited us all right because it saved us walking upstairs. Later several members of the class left us. The last time we came together we found Clara Wilbur had joined us from Rangeley, but even then we only numbered fourteen.

For class officers we have elected the following:

President-----Cliff Purinton
Vice President-----Norma Humphrey
Secretary-----Marilyn Cole
Treasurer-----Walter Stewart
Class Adviser-----Miss Philpot

We also have elected Emily Maxwell and Robert Purinton to represent us at Student Council.

To make things more interesting we had three new teachers. They were: Mr. Small, Miss Wilson, and Miss Philpot. We kept Miss Philpot and hope to the rest of this year.

From our class those who took part in the play presented by the Dramatic Club were: Robert Purinton, Ethel Tripp, Colleen Blake, Marion Thompson, Emily Maxwell, and Shirley Purinton.

Outing Club members from this class are: Marilyn Cole, Ethel Tripp, Shirley Purinton, Marion Thompson, and Colleen Blake.

In "Pennellites on Parade", we were represented very well by the following: Emily Maxwell, Walter Stewart, Ethel Tripp, Clifford Purinton, Harold Cooper, Robert Purinton, Colleen Blake, Marilyn Cole, Lee Mitchell, and Miss Philpot.

Lee Mitchell, '44.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Our class starting with twenty-one pupils as Freshmen, has dwindled down to fifteen members, four girls and eleven boys. We had three new members, Justin Berry, James Farmer, and Allecia Wilbur. However, after a short visit Justin and James left us.

At our first class meeting the following were elected:

President-----William Sanborn
Vice President-----Nathan Paul
Secretary-----Doris MacDonald
Treasurer-----Irving Verrill
Class Adviser-----Mr. White

We elected Carley Crommett and Carlton Skilling as our representatives in Student Council.

Doris MacDonald, Donald Strout, and James Pollard took part in the Dramatics Club play, "Aunt Jerushy on the Warpath."

Our class had charge of the Freshman Reception this year and it was enjoyed by all who attended, even the Freshmen.

Carlton Skilling, '45.



JUNIOR CLASS

Back row, left to right: Marion Thompson, Harold Cooper, Ethel Tripp, Lee Mitchel, Colleen Blake, Leon Hitchcock, Emily Maxwell.
 Front row, left to right: Janice Doughty, Walter Stewart, Merilyn Cole, Clifford Purinton, Norma Humphrey, Robert Purinton, Shirley Purinton.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Back row, left to right: Richard Prince, Carlton Skillings, James Pollard, Kenneth Saywood, Donald Strout, Charles Dingwell.
 Front row, left to right: Carley Grommett, Irving Verrill, Nathan Paul, William Sanborn, Doris MacDonald, Robert Carr, Alta Goff.

FRESHMEN ACTIVITIES

The Class of '46 began with an enrollment of sixteen pupils. Because of late entries and withdrawals, we now have a class of thirteen students. We elected the following class officers:

President-----Barbara Smith
Vice President-----Reginald Clark
Secretary-----Pauline Pollard
Treasurer-----Kathleen Carr

The Student Council representatives whom we elected were: Ethel Verrill and Lloyd Wing.

Our first important event was Freshmen Reception, which was sponsored by the Sophomore Class. It was held on October third, 1942. We had a very pleasant evening, although we were covered with lipstick.

We of the Freshmen Class have had a very happy year and are looking forward to next year and to our return as Sophomores.

Lloyd Wing, '46.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council was reorganized this year for the fifth year at Pennell.

At the first meeting we found the representatives to be: Freshmen Class, Ethel Verrill and Lloyd Wing; Sophomore Class, Carley Crommett and Carlton Skillings; Junior Class, Emily Maxwell and Robert Purinton; Senior Class, Jeanne Smith and Arnold Hall.

The following officers were elected:

President-----Jeanne Smith
Vice President-----Arnold Hall
Secretary-----Emily Maxwell
Treasurer-----Carley Crommett

The Student Council members are expected to keep order in the hall and on the stairs. They also conduct the fire drills. Council members are expected to take charge of the study hall whenever the teachers are not present.

On March thirty-first the Student Council replaced the teachers in their classes. The Council members had complete charge of the class they were teaching. The different teachers visited the various classes.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Back row, left to right: Charles Parker, Ethel Verrill, Karl Libby, Elizabeth Pierson, Marcus Muzzy, Doris Bealieu.
 Front row, left to right: Bertram Stetson, Pricilla Dunn, Kathleen Carr, Barbara Smith, Reginald Clark, Pauline Pollard, Lloyd Wing.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Back row, left to right: Ethel Verrill, Carlton Skillings, Robert Purinton, Lloyd Wing.
 Front row, left to right: Carley Grommett, Emily Maxwell, Jeanne Smith, Arnold Hall.

It has been the custom of the Council for the past few years to attend the Student Council Meeting at Augusta. Because of the transportation problem this year we were unable to do so.

Emily Maxwell, '44.

GLEE CLUB REPORT

At the first meeting of the Glee Club this year, the following officers were chosen: President, Alta Goff; Vice President, Emily Maxwell; Secretary, Colleen Blake. The records revealed the following as members: Beatrice Adler, Emily Maxwell, Marilyn Cole, Shirley Purinton, Marion Thompson, Geraldine Pollard, Pauline Pollard, Priscilla Dunn, Doris MacDonald, Ethel Tripp, Alta Goff, Barbara Smith, Doris Beaulieu, and Colleen Blake.

Since there are so many other clubs which have been organized this year, the Glee Club hasn't had many opportunities for development. However, we have had some meetings and girls from the club have sung on some occasions. December seventeenth the Glee Club sang Christmas Carols at the Christmas Pageant, "The Magi in the West and the Search for Christ." The club did very well on this occasion. In February the Glee Club sang at the Congregational Church. Girls from the club also sang a song in "Pennellites on Parade." We are expecting to sing in church again before the year is ended.

In the forthcoming year we hope to accomplish much more and to develop the talent we have. Miss Pillsbury has been our director this year, and we hope she retains her position in forty-four.

Colleen Blake, '44.

OUTING CLUB

At the beginning of the year a new club was organized by a group of Sophomore, Junior and Senior girls. This organization was called the Outing Club.

At our first meeting we chose the following officers:

President-----Beatrice Adler
Vice President-----Colleen Blake
Secretary and Treasurer-----Norma Humphrey

Our first outing was a bicycle trip to West Gray. Everyone who went had a good time, especially the teachers who weren't used to riding a bicycle and became very lame and tired.

Our next event was a hike to East Gray. Not very many of the members went, but those who did enjoyed a nice time.



Glee Club

Back row, left to right: Shirley Purinton, Elizabeth Stetson, Geraldine Pollard, Colleen Blake, Alta Goff, Pauline Pollard.
 Front row, left to right: Beatrice Adler, Barbara Smith, Ethel Tripp, Doris MacDonald, Marion Thompson, Marilyn Cole, Emily Maxwell.



OUTING CLUB

Back row, left to right: Shirley Purinton, Geraldine Pollard, Alta Goff, Marilyn Cole, Emily Maxwell.
 Front row, left to right: Ethel Tripp, Colleen Blake, Beatrice Alder, Norma Humphrey, Doris MacDonald, Marion Thompson.

On October 17th and 18th the Outing Club spent a weekend at Miss Reid's cottage on Cobbossecontee Lake. We stayed at the cottage Saturday night and left for home Sunday afternoon. Though we were a bit tired when we reached home, we all had a wonderful time, and we are looking forward to another visit this spring.

A skating party was enjoyed by the Outing Club one afternoon. There was, however, one catastrophe on the trip. A dog ran off with about half of our hotdogs. Luckily there were enough left to go the rounds.

On December 11th we tried a new idea. We held a Poverty Social in the English Room. We played games and danced, but best of all refreshments were served. Music was furnished by Mrs. Hazel Sawyer. Although there were very few who came in costume we all had a good time and set to work at once to plan more similar ones.

January 22nd we sponsored another social. The program was similar to the last. Refreshments were served and music was again furnished by Mrs. Sawyer. This social was considered even more of a success than the last one.

Our next social was on February 5th. This enterprise was much better attended than any previous. There was also a much larger group of younger children. A meeting was held after this social to decide what we should do about this group. We decided to make an age limit whereby only those in the seventh and eighth grades and higher would be admitted.

Our last social was as pleasant as the previous ones had been, although there wasn't such a large group present.

I think that the Outing Club has proved to be most successful, and the members are looking forward to another year with even more activities. Although the present Freshmen were not part of the group this year, I'm certain they will be a helpful addition to the Outing Club next year. We, the members of the Outing Club, also wish to thank Miss Reid and all the others who have helped to make the Outing Club what it is.

Marion Thompson, '44.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club is one of the clubs organized this year to take the place in part of the curtailed program of extra-curricular athletics.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Colleen Blake; Vice President, Gloria Grant; Secretary, Ethel Tripp.

During our first few meetings we had demonstrations in the art of make-up. Members were the unfortunate victims. One of the most realistic productions was the transformation of Gloria Grant to represent an elderly lady. It truly was a remarkable production. To make it more natural, we gave the lady a cane and had her limp. We were very glad to see our subject return the following day as her natural self.

For our next activity we chose a committee to select a play for production. The play chosen was "Aunt Jerushy on the War Path", presented February 18th at Memorial Hall. The cast was as follows:

AUNT JERUSHY ON THE WAR PATH

Sufficiency Fish	- A country boy-----	Robert Purington
Hiram Fish	- The village constable-----	James Pollard
Elder Snuffles	- A crook in disguise-----	Arnold Hall
Bill Barker	- Manager of the carnival-----	Donald Strout
Aunt Jerushy	- Hiram's better half-----	Ethel Tripp
Sis Popkins	- The hired girl-----	Colleen Blake
Stelly Snapper	- An old maid-----	Doris MacDonald
Reeno De Beeno	- The fortune teller-----	Marion Thompson
Elsie Barker	- The carnival queen-----	Emily Maxwell
Chorus Girls	-	

Alta Goff, Beatrice Adler, Barbara Smith, Shirley Purington, Priscilla Dunn, and Pauline Pollard.
Coach - Miss Ella Philpot

Act I

The setting of the first act was in the kitchen of Hiram's farmhouse. The morning work was rather upset by Sufficiency when he announced there was a carnival coming to town. He pleaded with his step-maw to allow him to attend it, but the Snuffelites, a money-making religious order led by Elder Snuffles, did not believe in worldly amusements. As Aunt Jerushy was a member, Sufficiency was informed quite convincingly that he could not attend the street fair. As it sometimes happens in families, however, his poppy said he could go.

Sufficiency tried to propose to Sis but because of the starch into which he accidentally fell, his pants were not equal to the strain it took to propose as Sis insisted. This was "on bended knee with his eyes cast upward toward the starry sky."

The next upsetting event occurred when Sis came running in with a love letter, "Writ on pink paper 'n everythin'." There was quite a discussion about its owner, and Hiram was falsely accused. Immediately his better half, Jerushy, started to fling the family china at him right and left!

Act II

The setting of Act II was the carnival grounds in the village. Sufficiency and his poppy presented a pretty good mind-reading show. This was after they saw the great Reeno De Beeno demonstrate her great skill in the mind-reading art.



DRAMATIC CLUB

Back row, left to right: Barbara Smith, Doris MacDonald, Emily Maxwell, Marion Thompson, Marilyn Cole, Shirley Purinton.
Front row, left to right: Beatrice Adler, Robert Purinton, Ethel Tripp, Colleen Blake, Arnold Hall, Jeanne Smith.



CAST OF AUNT JERUSHY ON THE WAR PATH

Back row, left to right: Pricilla Dunn, Barbara Smith, Beatrice Adler, Donald Strout, Arnold Hall, Alta Goff, Shirley Purinton, Pauline Pollard.
Front row, left to right: Marion Thompson, James Pollard, Robert Purinton, Ethel Tripp, Colleen Blake, Emily Maxwell, Doris MacDonald.

The chorus girls and tap dancers came prancing forward from a tent and did some numbers at this time. Hiram "picked up" or in better words was "picked up by" the Barker's wife, Elsie Barker. Aunt Jerushy learned of his treating the carnival queen to an ice cream sody cone and went once again on the war path.

The Barker, a very jealous husband, tried to fight a duel with Hiram to rectify the constabule's insult to his wife. (The insult was the ice cream cone Hiram had given Elsie). Hiram pled to be spared and finally the Barker allowed him to commit suicide. However, Hiram turned out to be a very poor shot.

Stelly Etta Snapper was deserted by the Elder, who was supposed to marry her. She sought Hiram so he could arrest the Elder for her. All of this episode took place in the midst of tears.

We learned that Reeno and the Elder are married, and we also learned of their trying to make money on the "steal-and-run" plan. Reeno intended to rob the carnival safe. Then she and the Elder were to make their get-away together.

Sis got lost at the carnival, and Sufficiency was hired for a wild man. It was a very exciting act and ended with Aunt Jerushy walloping the daylight out of her step-son, Sufficiency, because he had "scared everybody into fits, when he busted out of a cage."

Act III

The setting of the third act was the same as the second, the carnival grounds. The Barker tried to persuade Sis to become a show girl. She sang for him, and he told her that she had the mellowest voice he ever heard. (Mellow meaning rotten).

Aunt Jerushy was thought to be the guilty thief who robbed the carnival safe. This was because she had changed clothes with Reeno, so she could spy on her husband, Hiram.

Through the combined help of Barker, Elsie, Hiram, Sufficiency, and Sis, the guilty persons were discovered and brought to justice.

Hiram forgave Jerushy for spying on him, on the condition that she promise never to go on the warpath again. Jerushy rushed over to her constabule husband and lovingly caressed him. The curtain fell with Hiram rushing Reeno and the Elder to the caboose.

The play was considered a success and the profit from it has added a nice sum to the treasury of the club. The members of the club appreciate very much the assistance given them by the students and teachers who made this presentation possible and wish to give special thanks to Miss Philpot who directed the play.

Ethel Tripp, '44.



BIBLE STUDY

Back row, left to right: Marcus Muzzy, James Pollard, Irving Verrill, Nathan Paul, William Sanborn, Kenneth Saywood, Lee Mitchel, Richard Prince.
 Second row, left to right: Reginald Clark, Elizabeth Stetson, Geraldine Pollard, Marion Thompson, Colleen Blake, Ethel Tripp, Pauline Pollard, Pricilla Dunn.
 Front row, left to right: Karl Libby, Barbara Smith, Beatrice Adler, Doris MacDonald, Shirley Purinton, Jeanne Smith, Arnold Hall.

BIBLE STUDY REPORT

When the Bible Study Class assembled in the main room for the first time this year, there was an enrollment of twenty-five students. The number enrolled at the present is twenty-six. The following are the names of the pupils who selected this subject: William Sanborn, Irving Verrill, James Pollard, Marcus Muzzy, Reginald Clark, Nathan Paul, Kenneth Saywood, Richard Prince, Frank Bridges, Lee Mitchell, Karl Libby, Arnold Hall, Geraldine Pollard, Elizabeth Stetson, Allecia Wilbur, Clara Wilbur, Beatrice Adler, Jeanne Smith, Ethel Tripp, Shirley Purinton, Marion Thompson, Barbara Smith, Pauline Pollard, Priscilla Dunn, Doris MacDonald, and Colleen Blake.

This year the class began to study well known Biblical characters. The first one we became acquainted with was Jonah. After completing the study of his life and deducting as many lessons for everyday use as possible, we continued our study with the life of Joseph. We learned several things about him and some of his brothers. After we were familiar with Joseph, from the time he was a small boy until he became a national leader, we started to review the life of Moses. We learned many things of interest about him including his leading the people across the Red Sea, his securing the Ten Commandments, and his becoming a teacher about God. At present we are studying about David. We have learned many things about him we shall be learning more in the future.

During the year we have also discussed other people of interest and we have learned facts about many heroes of the day as: Captain Rickenbacker, and Verne Haugland, A.P. reporter, who displayed a great Christian faith. We have also secured information about Clara Barton and other similar persons.

Mr. White has also shown us examples of the early writings of the Bible and how difficult it was to decipher them. He has told us how the present writings were chosen from numerous articles and how they were written in the language of their times, thus making them difficult for us to understand.

In my estimation this has proved to be the most interesting and most successful year of the Bible Study Group. We have learned many things of great interest and I am sure everyone will remember for many years to come the things discussed this year in class.

We all wish to express our great pleasure in having Mr. White for our teacher. We all hope the class will continue in the coming year with him as our instructor.

Colleen Blake, '44.

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

On December 17th, students of Pennell presented a Christmas Pageant, "The Magi in the West and the Search for Christ", under the supervision of Miss Philpot. Characters were as follows:

Reader-----Colleen Blake
Wisemen-----Arnold Hall, William Sanborn,
Lee Mitchell

Supporting cast: John Pollard, Lloyd Wing, Frank Bridges, Donald Strout, Walter Stewart, Charles Dingwell, Janice Doughty, Richard Prince, Robert Carr, Carley Crommett, and Nathan Paul.

Under the direction of Miss Pillsbury, the combined Glee Clubs furnished an excellent background with many beautiful carols. The Glee Club consisted of Karl Libby, Pauline Pollard, Marcus Muzzy, Barbara Smith, Reginald Clark, Doris Beaulieu, Charles Parker, Elizabeth Pierson, Kenneth Saywood, Ethel Verrill, James Pollard, Alta Goff, Doris MacDonald, Irving Verrill, Ethel Tripp, Emily Maxwell, Marion Thompson, Harold Cooper, Shirley Purinton, Gloria Grant, Robert Purinton, Beatrice Adler, Milo Cummings, Elizabeth Stetson, and Geraldine Pollard.

Miss Reid was in charge of the costume department, and Mr. Small and Mr. Sanford, the tree decorations. Reverend Edward White gave valuable aid to the cast with many helpful suggestions.

The Pageant was followed by the Annual Christmas Party when our Santa Claus (Tommy Carr) took the gifts and candy from the tree.
Arnold Hall, '43.

THE PENNELLITE

We have started a monthly publication to cover the social and educational functions at Pennell. Many such endeavors have been attempted in the past under the name of The Pennellite, The Pennell Light, Pen-All News, etc. We, too, decided upon the title, The Pennellite, with the following staff:

Editor-in-chief	Arnold Hall
Assistant Editor	Beatrice Adler
Outing Club Reporter	Colleen Blake
Glee Club Reporter	Marion Thompson
Dramatics Club Reporter	Beatrice Adler
Exchange Editor	Colleen Blake
Mimeographer	Frank Bridges
Faculty Advisors	Miss Pillsbury
	Mr. White

Departments include the Defense Stamp Thermometer, which registers the total amount of Defense Stamps sold at the Institute; an Alumni in The Service Column, listing by classes the boys in the Service and their addresses; A Book Review;

Interviews of some of Gray's Prominent Citizens, conducted by the Editors; and a Social Calendar. We hope that we have created enough interest, so that another ambitious group will take charge of the publication next year.

Arnold Hall, '43.

GIRLS' ARTS AND CRAFTS

Arts and crafts this year has been similar in projects to that of last year.

More girls have been participating and several very pretty projects completed.

Their work includes knitting, crocheting, weaving table mats, sewing, embroidering, block printing, and novelty jewelry.

This is a course open to all girls and is an excellent chance for them to develop originality and self-expression.

Elizabeth Reid

Instructor in Home Economics.

BOYS' ARTS AND CRAFTS

In the very limited time allowed for this work the girls have constructed wall brackets, envelope holders, and small wooden trays.

The boys have largely supplemented their regular work in the making of ship models, turned lamps, and other articles of furniture.

F. G. Sanford

Manual Arts Instructor.

GIRLS' PHYSICAL FITNESS PROGRAM

If you were to walk into a class in gymnastics at almost any school in this country, you would see students doing calisthenics. The purpose of this course is to teach the students balance, rhythm, good teamwork, and to prepare them for the additional efforts required of civilians on the home front.

Dr. Hutto was elected to organize and introduce this program in our state. In March he announced a sectional meeting at Deering High School where speakers and demonstrations were presented. The representatives from our school were the following members of the faculty and student body: Miss Reid, Mr. White, Emily Maxwell,

Ethel Tripp, Colleen Blake, Walter Stewart, Earle Wilson, and Robert Purinton. These students who were present at the meeting are now Student Leaders of the course in under the direction of the two teachers. Each week leaders plan the exercises to be introduced in the gym class. They explain the exercises to their group and have complete charge of the class. Miss Reid is present and gives us necessary advice and aid.

The program is well organized now and operating effectively. Next year the course will probably be under the direction of an official instructor. We are just looking forward and preparing for a more complicated and difficult training which will be in effect in the future. We're sure it will cause less head aches and lameness conducted in this manner.

Shirley Purinton, '44.

BOYS' PHYSICAL FITNESS PROGRAM

Because of the rationing of gasoline and tires, Pennell has not been able to compete in sports with other schools as it has done in past years. However, we have been able to have several interclass tournaments in football, basketball, and baseball. We have also participated with the girls in several interesting games of basketball.

Recently the State has introduced a new Physical Fitness Program to all secondary schools. Here at Pennell this program, which is under the supervision of Mr. White, is carried out once a week in the gymnasium.

The purpose of this course is to keep the students in good physical condition by means of arm and leg exercises and relays. The boys are divided into three groups of six to eight each, with Cliff Purinton, Robert Purinton, and Walter Stewart as leaders.

Each leader demonstrates to his group the different drills and exercises, which enable the students to participate with uniform and effective results.

Next year we anticipate that the State will present an even more intensive and advanced program of Physical Fitness.

Walter Stewart, '44.

LETTERS FROM PENNELL MEN IN THE SERVICE

In the Service _____

_____ To the Folks "Back Home".

Many of the former teachers and the alumni of Pennell are now in the armed forces of their country. Since their experiences are many and varied, the editorial board of the Whirlpool feels that a page devoted to the letters from these former teachers and alumni will be of interest to all students and friends.

Some of these men are serving in Africa, Australia, the South Pacific, and in other distant parts of the globe. Consequently it has been difficult to obtain letters from many of these men in time to be printed in this magazine. Here, however, are a few excerpts from two former faculty members and an alumnus of Pennell. They are interesting examples of letters being received from all servicemen anywhere in the world by the folks "back home".

Lowry Field
Denver, Colorado
March 22, 1943

To Pennell Students:

If you could all be transported here for a brief visit, I think first of all you would be impressed by the sincere friendliness of the people; and secondly, by the beauty of the Colorado scenery. It is a rare and inspiring sight to see in the early morning the bluish-gray silhouettes of the white capped Rockies being colored by the rays of the rising sun.

Then you would probably be fascinated to see the energy and activity of our huge U.S.A.A.F. base here at Lowry. You would see many flights of bombers during the day, and you would certainly be impressed how hard the soldiers work at Lowry. No union wages are in force here; we have one idea and that is to prepare thoroughly and quickly so we can strike the enemy a telling blow in some far off front.

Sure the war may not be of short duration, perhaps many of us will meet again in some far-off land. Be sure and prepare yourselves physically and mentally for the day when you are called upon to serve your country.

Hasta la vista,

S. E. Richards
Corporal, U.S.A.A.F.
Denver, Colorado

Somewhere in the South Pacific:

I often think of the good times we had at Pennell last year. It may be that I'll never teach there again, but I will

always remember it and think of it as my school. I met many people and made a lot of friends during my short stay in Gray.

It does not seem much like Christmas to us over here, although we did have a very nice turkey dinner and the day free. Bet you can not imagine a Christmas day where the temperature is about 90 degrees in the shade!

Maybe you remember from your study of geography that the seasons in this part of the world are just opposite from those back home. Therefore, I have now had two summers in a row. I am getting rather tired of hot weather and would like to see a little snow and cold weather for a change.

We have our tents fixed up pretty well now. We even have electric lights. There are four others in the tent with me--- one from North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Iowa. We get along real well together. Although, we sometimes get the Civil War started again, which leaves the fellow from Iowa and myself battling it out against the others. We manage to hold our own though.

B. J. Freeman

To the Pennell Students and Alumni:

Greetings to all from an island in the Pacific! I shall begin this letter abruptly, for that is how it all happened. On January 23, 1942, thousands of soldiers, comprising the first AEF of World War #2, left New York for a foreign land. The Statue of Liberty and the New York skyline gradually fading in the mist of that mid-winter morning is something etched in the memory of all. Many of us must have realized, at the time, that weeks and months of "watchful waiting" were in store and that experiences never before imaginable were to be ours, and not for the asking, either. To write even a condensation of my never-to-be published, "Memories of a Soldier Overseas", would require a space many times greater than that granted me in this year's "Whirlpool". Moreover, much of this would be boring and dull to you as it has been to me. Therefore, I shall relate but a few of the more lasting and pleasant impressions. To conserve space, these will be listed in topical form.

The first welcome sight of land, the harbor of Melbourne, after five weeks at sea; the eight-story building, visible from the wharf, bearing the words, "Biscuit, Cake & Plum Pudding Manufacturers"; (anything suggestive of food had a special appeal); my first "raid" on the corner drug store, called "Chemist", where I bought chocolate bars, ice cream and even a quart of milk; the puzzling system of exchange involving pence, shillings and pounds; the parade on the first morning ashore with scores of curious "Aussies" anxious to catch their first glimpse of the Americans as we were respectfully called; the trembling, though resolute voice of an elderly lady singing, "Pack Up Your Troubles", as we marched by; a train ride in compartment cars, European style, to a distant city where we were billeted in private

homes for several days; this, the "Flower City of Australia", synonymous with good food, soft beds; pleasant homes and friendly, hospitable people; the cablegram home, consisting of three words, "Arrived safely, Australia"; my lecture on "America" to a class of Junior High School students; the saying of farewells and our departure for a land of foreign people, language and customs; my first attendance at the French Protestant Church, impressive by its Gothic architecture, situated high above street level, accessible by a double winding staircase of concrete structure; the sermon, "What to Remember and Forget", a message which proved very helpful in the succeeding months; the first trip to the "big city" with its open sewers, untidy stores and foul atmosphere; the semi-frozen flavored water which was called "ice cream"; our first "Mail Call" on April 12 after ninety days with no word from home; the following months of living in tents and working in the Receiving Office of a station hospital; by attendance at Officers' Candidate School where I obtained a commission, AUS, in the Medical Administrative Corps; and finally, another boat ride, this time, to a combat zone. Necessarily, what transpired there must be left unsaid.

What lies ahead is as uncertain and indefinite as the plans and career of the average high school freshman. However, all of us are facing the future with courage and determination, knowing full well that the united efforts of both free and enslaved peoples all over the world can and shall bring a peace and security, a way of living, never before enjoyed by all races of man. A sincere Faith in God and firm belief in the Right cannot fail us.

Warren S. Cole, '34.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

- September 8 - The dreaded day arrives, school begins.
- September 10 - A representative from the Crowell Publishing Company with news of an exciting contest.
- September 17 - First Outing Club meeting. (Too bad, no boys).
- September 24 - Outing Club picnic at West Gray with Miss Reid learning to ride a bicycle.
- September 30 - Hurrah!!! Day off for Cumberland Fair.
- October 1 - First Dramatic Club meeting. (Where are the Clark Gables and Hedys).
- October 2 - Freshman Reception. Karl Libby acting as town crier.
- October 17 & 18 - Outing Club went to Miss Reid's camp at Manchester. (No spoons for the soup).
- October 23 - Student Council's Halloween Party. (Wonder what happened on the Treasure Hunt).
- November 9 - Outing Club hiked to East Gray. (I understand they rode home on the school bus).
- November 17 - Jr. & Sr. Home Economics visit Nursery School in Portland. Ask the girls in this class any questions you have pertaining to Child Care.
- November 18 - First Glee Club meeting. (Everyone squealing & crowing).

November 23 - First Bible Study class. This is the third year the course has been offered at Pennell.
 November 24 - Jr. & Sr. Home Ec. girls give a Children's Party. (What fun trying to quiet the noisy ones).
 December 8 - Tryouts for the play. (Bob acting the dope as usual).
 December 11 - Poverty Social given by the Outing Club. (Didn't realize we were so poor).
 December 17 - Christmas Pageant. Santa has shrunk. Must be due to the rationing!!
 January 12 - Outing Club goes ice skating. (Lack of hot dogs, a real live dog ran off with them)!!!!
 January 13 - Jr. & Sr. Home Ec. Class visited Lafayette Hotel for their waitress course.
 January 19 & 20 - Exams!!!! (Pass or flunk)???
 January 22 - Outing Club Social. (Boys are too bashful to dance).
 February 5 - Outing Club Social. (A few brave boys crossed the floor).
 February 12 - Students go to Portland to learn all about calisthenics. (What ideas they have now)!!
 February 18 - "Aunt Jerushy on the War Path" is presented. The Dramatic Club pocketing the profit.
 March 26 - Outing Club Social. (Boys are really learning to dance).
 March 26 - Dr. Bailey from Gorham Normal talked to us in assembly.
 April 8 & 9 - Pennellites on Parade. A real success.
 April 15 - Outing Club Social. (No pianist, but records).
 May 7 - Senior Fair (Oh! Boy! Another dance).
 June 6 - Baccalaurette
 June 11 - Graduation.

IN APPRECIATION

We, the Editorial Staff, on the behalf of the student body, wish to make special mention here of the piano which was given to the school through the generosity of Mr. True C. Morrill of Park Ridge, N. J. and Mrs. Eva Wilson of this town.

This piano has been of great benefit to the school this year. It has been freely used by the Glee Club in its rehearsals and it has made it possible for Socials, with marches and dances, to be held in the English Room at frequent intervals throughout the school year.

Therefore it is with great appreciation that we take this opportunity to thank Mr. Morrill and Mrs. Wilson for their friendly interest in our school as expressed by this gift.

LITERARY

A contest was held this year for poems, short stories, book reports, and editorials. For the best one of each a prize of one dollar was given by the Whirlpool Board. The Judges were: Miss Philpot, Miss Pillsbury, Norma Humphrey, Emily Maxwell, and Colleen Blake.

WRONG AGAIN (Winner)

Line AB is parallel
To line NH and line DL.
If all three are cut in two----
Now what on earth am I going to do?

D and H, they form a square,
And O and U cut through right there.
My! Such a mess I've never seen,
I wonder what all this can mean?

A and B equal angle II,
But C and HJ also do.
3 and 4, Oh! I'm all mixed up.
Now I'll start again at the top.

A plus B are congruent there,
And J and K bisect O over here.
X forms angle 1 and 3,
Which is equal here to angle D.

Now, I've completed the proof, I guess.
I think I'll tuck it in my desk.
I'll read a book until period two.
'Cause I've all I have to do.

There's the bell, now I'll go to class.
I'm glad it's Geometry instead of Math!!!
I'll get my paper and then I'll run,
Since I've got all my homework done.

Here I am in class once more.
Miss Pillsbury said to do example four.
Up to the board I fearlessly walked,
Looked at my paper and picked up some chalk.

When I had copied the proof line for line,
I waited in turn for the correction of mine.
Miss Pillsbury read it through, every word.
Then having finished around she turned.

She peered at me with an inquiring look-----
Not saying a word she opened her book.
There on the page our assignment was written-----
Oh dear!!! I had done day before yesterday's lesson!!
Colleen L. Blake, '44.

BREAKING MEMORY

The cove was still, and the moon rode high.
The ripples swelled and then passed by.
All was quiet as are many June nights.
The sky was clear, while the moon shone bright.

The boat rocked softly to and fro.
Then the dipper, dipped down to the water below.
While a cooling breeze blew caressingly by,
And the whispering pines drew in deep sighs.

The shadows shifted on the beach.
The sky and water seemed to meet.
Near-by on the sand, she sat quietly there-----
With eyes of blue "My Maiden Fair."

I slowly docked my little ship,
Then to her side I quickly stepped.
I reached the place and stood spellbound
For nowhere about could "My Maiden" be found.

As the soothing breeze blew softly round,
My eyes saw color on the ground.
I stooped, and there, for always, lay
My memory last of this beautiful day.

A withered rose of crimson hue
Lay where her tiny feet last stood.
I softly pressed it to my heart,
Since God had said that we must part.
Colleen L. Blake, '44.

FOUR AND TWENTY FROGGIES

Four and twenty froggies,
By the water cool,
Standing on their hind legs
Playing singing-school.

Four and twenty froggies
Now they close their eyes;
"Ah!" said little Johnny,
"Now I have a prize".

Four and twenty froggies
Whisper as they leap:
"Foolish little Johnny
Thought we were asleep".

Four and twenty froggies
Splashed the water high;
"Ah!" said Johnny sadly,
"How shall I get dry?"
Emily Maxwell, '44.

STUDENTS OF PENNELL

For the students of Pennell
Who have answered their country's call,
We should do our part
To help them, one, and all.

And for the teachers who have left us
And the rest of the service-men, too,
We are hoping, knowing, trusting
That they will fight the long way through.

If we can do nothing more,
We can buy "War Bonds and Stamps."
The Axis we will lower
As over them we tramp.

To you the students of Pennell,
I give this timely warning.
If we don't do our best and all,
We'll not win, "Victory," some bright morning.
Janice Doughty, '44.

YOU REMEMBER TOO

Something happened between us;
Perhaps it was all my fault.
Anyhow our lasting love
Stopped and seemed to halt.

It didn't make me feel so bad,
That which I had done----
Not until a later day
When I lost my best loved one.

There are no words which could tell,
The misery I could feel.
Mine surely was a hopeless case,
And I felt the hurt a great deal.

But now it's too late to say I'm sorry.
It's too late to say I'm wrong.
I can say this now and truly,
"From now on I'll love one, not all!!!!"
Colleen Blake, '44.

PENNELL ALPHABET

A is for Arnold, a Senior is he.
B is for Barbara, a Freshman she be.
C is for Colleen, a studious lass.
D is for Doris, a gal full of bliss.
E is for Ethel, who stars on the team.
F is for Frankie, who so quiet would seem.
G is for Gloria, whom we miss these days.
H is for Harold, a shiek in many ways.
I is for Irving, a rugged red head.
J is for Jimmie, who's far from dead.
K is for Kenneth, as 'Professeur' knows more than ever.
L is for Lloyd, so quiet and clever.
M is for Marion, so dark and mystical.
N is for Norma, so quiet and wistful.
O is for Observant, which all of us are.
P is for Priscilla, our tap-dancing star.
Q is for Quantity, which we may lack.
R is for Robert, who certainly is a wack!
S is for Shirley, with her eyes so blue.
T is for Tommy, as a dwarf would do.
U is for Uniforms, which all of us may don.
V is for Vigor, which we'll never pawn.
W is for Walter, who for Ethel has fell.
X is to eXceed, for which we are trained well.
Y is for Yarns told here at school.
Z is for Zeal in which everyone rules.

Arnold Hall, '43.

WRITING A POEM

I'm supposed to write a poem, now what shall it be?
Shall it be narrative or lyric? Now let me see!
Oh, what makes the difference? (I hope it makes none),
Unless luck is with me, I won't get it done.

Pass it in by Friday, all right, I'll try.
If I don't get it done, I suppose I should cry.
But what makes the difference if this poem I should flunk,
For what is poem writing but a "lotta bunk?"

Well, I've got it half done-----not bad for a beginner;
But if I ever have to write another, it will make me simmer!
Those two lines weren't so good; I wish I could do better.
I'll get some rank for them, but I'll hate to see the letter.

So my teacher, there's three stanzas "writ."
And don't I know where they best fit;
The wastepaper basket, straight and true.
But I'll get some rank for it----- Thank the Lord I'm through!
Ethel Tripp, '44.

PENNELL

P is for Pennell, where we came together.
E is for Earnest, in all kinds of weather.
N is for Neatness, in which we all star.
N is for Notable, which all of us are.
E is for Excellent rank, and A's are quite rare.
L is for the way of Life we have learned there.
L is for Luck, which all of us need.
And since we're from PENNELL, we're bound to succeed.
Arnold M. Hall, '43.

SHORT STORIES

THE DICTATES OF HER HEART

(Winner)

Jean Meredith stood waiting at the station for the train on which her sister was arriving. "Seems as if this train is always late," she thought, "Or is it because I have something exciting to tell Carol. Carol won't be going back to college again. It certainly was a nice graduation, but why didn't Carol come home instead of staying at Patricia's house an extra two days?"

Her thoughts were interrupted, for a train had pulled in at the station. "Yes, it was the one Carol would be on." Eagerly she watched the passengers get off the train. Just then she caught sight of her sister's bright red coat.

"I'm over here, Carol," she said, trying to make her sister hear above the noise of the crowd.

"Hi there, Jean," said her sister gaily. "The train was a little late. I hope you haven't minded waiting too much. Say, Jean, where did you leave the car? I hope not too far away because these suitcases are rather heavy."

"It's not too far," declared Jean. "Here, you take the brown bag and I'll carry this one." The girls made their way to the car.

As soon as they had put the baggage in the trunk and started the car, Carol asked, "How is mother? She didn't seem like herself at commencement. Is her heart worse?"

"Well, she doesn't say much, but you know mother isn't one to complain. She did say that she would go see Dr. Lawrence, but she wants to wait until next week when Pete gets his furlough so he can drive her there. Gosh, Carol, I can't wait any longer! I must tell you my exciting news! I've decided to join the WAACS," said Jean, watching to see her sister's reaction.

"Why, sis, isn't this funny! I've decided to join the WAVES. That was the reason I stayed at Pat's house. A WAVE came last Tuesday and talked to all of us who were interested in joining."

The girls chatted gaily about their plans the rest of the way home.

When they drove into their backyard, Mrs. Meredith came to the door. When Carol saw her mother she hopped out of the car and hastened to embrace her.

A few minutes later when Jean came in from taking care of the car she found Carol sitting at the table eating a nice little lunch, which their mother had prepared for them.

"Don't be a pig now, Carol, save a little for me," laughed Jean.

"There will be enough for both of you," smiled Mrs. Meredith.

"Have you told mother the news, Carol?", said Jean, as she helped herself to a sandwich.

"What news is this?", inquired mother.

"Mother, dear, I've decided to join the WAVES."

"Well, this certainly is a surprise to find that both of my daughters are answering the call of Uncle Sam. Although it will be very lonesome with just your father and me here in this big house I know that we should sacrifice all we can to make this war as short as possible."

"We knew you would understand mother, and it won't be long before we are all home again," said Carol.

"Come, let's clear off the table and then I suggest that you both take a hot shower and tidy yourselves up a bit before your father comes home," said mother, getting up from her chair.

The girls were busy the rest of the week making preparations for their brother's homecoming.

When he did arrive there was a lot of excitement in the Meredith household. Pete told many interesting things about Army life, which of course, interested Jean.

Pete had been home two days, and the morning of the third day when all were gathered around the breakfast table, he noticed that his mother wasn't looking particularly well. It was decided then that they should make the trip to see the doctor that day.

The girls helped their mother get ready, noticing how quiet she seemed.

After Pete and Mrs. Meredith had left, Carol went into the kitchen where she found Jean staring out of the window.

"I am worried about mother," spoke Carol quietly. "Of course there has been quite a lot of excitement the past two days, and she's probably tired."

"It is more than weariness," said Jean, "but we'll wait until tonight and hear what the doctor has to say."

It was about ten o'clock when Mrs. Meredith and Pete finally

returned. When they came through the door the girls knew that the news had not been pleasant.

"Mom has been working too hard. The doc says she'll have to take it easy for a year or two," said Pete, trying to sound cheerful.

Just as soon as Pete had spoken, the same thought entered both girls' minds. One of them would have to give up their cherished plan. They looked at each other for a second and then turned away.

That night Carol couldn't sleep. Thoughts kept going through her mind. "Mother and Dad have sacrificed so much for all of us, and really lots more for me because they have put me through college. Jean helped pay my tuition too. She is certainly a swell sister! It would be terrible to make her stay home to help mother. She has counted so much on joining the WAACS. I won't let her either. I don't mind staying home anyway. Jean will probably tell me to go. She always has sacrificed her own happiness for mine. I've got a plan though, and I think it will work."

Next morning before anyone was up Carol tiptoed into Jean's room.

"Are you awake, Jean?" she whispered.

"Yes, I've been awake for almost an hour," replied Jean. "It is too bad about mother, but I don't mind staying home."

"I knew you would say that, Jean, but we must do this fairly and the only fair way is to draw lots," spoke up Carol.

"All right, if that is how you feel about it. There is a pencil in that box," said Jean.

Carol went for the paper and pencil. Tearing the paper in two pieces she proceeded to write. Then she put them behind her back and told Jean to choose.

"I'll take your left hand," said Jean.

Reading what was written on the slip, Jean smiled. "Well, Carol, I've drawn the one that says GO."

"I'm so glad, Jean, and truly I don't mind staying home. If you don't mind, Sis, I guess I'll go back to bed."

As Carol closed her sister's door behind her, she smiled and said to herself, "I guess you put it over on your sister that time. She didn't know that if she had chosen your right hand she would have found GO written on that slip, too."

"How happy Jean looked when she read it, and I feel happy, too," thought Carol as she gave a sigh of relief.....

Merilyn Cole, '44.

THE POLE OF THE GOLDEN IDOLS

Everything was prepared. Everyone was excited and noisy. All were wondering what the outcome of this journey would be. It was now ten o'clock; newspaper men were typing their reports, photographers were snapping their last shots of us as we boarded our flame-colored rocket. There were four of us: Nancy, Hazel, Betty, and myself. We waved our last good-byes and went aboard.

This voyage, which we were going on, was rather a strange mission. Scientists had recently proved there were four poles which had magnetic attraction. There was the north, south, east, and west. They had learned that these poles attracted different kinds of metals which had different charges of electricity. However, they did not know the charge necessary to polarize these elements, or the number of protons necessary for attraction to the different poles.

As all of us girls were scientists, we conceived the idea of building a rocket and having it electrically charged. Then we would board the ship and have it shot from an enormous cannon. We would land immediately at whichever pole our charge of protons, conducted by an unseen force, drew us toward.

So now we were in our ship. As I was to pilot the rocket for a few thousand miles, I took the pilot's seat. Then as I released the lever we were off!!!! We went at a terrific rate of speed. Finally, we were thousands of miles in the air. As nearly as Hazel could figure, we had circled the world five times. Then as we began to slow down to about a thousand miles an hour, we seemed to bear to the south. After a few seconds we knew that we were definitely headed toward the south.

Then out of the space of air, there seemed to loom up a dark bloch, which we neared rapidly. Finally, Betty set the ship down on this mysterious land. What land, we had no idea. We knew we were many miles from the coast and had seen few signs of habitation for miles.

We all decided to descend from the ship and look over the land. Hazel went first and as soon as she touched her foot to the ground, she looked as if she had had a terrific shock. We all asked what the matter was and hastened to see if she was all right. Each of us in turn received the same shock. It must have been due to the electric currents passing from the rocket to the pole, because all of us were affected the same way. It was as if we had touched an electric fence, but it was a shock of more volts than we probably ever heard of at home.

Then as we turned to look about us, there before us loomed a tower of solid gold! We strained our eyes to see the top of it. From there we could see the currents as well as feel them. Then sun shin-

ing on the gold gave off beautiful colors.

As I started to walk over to the beautiful pole of gold and jewels, I found I could not move either one foot or the other. I tried to speak but, I found I couldn't speak either. No one of us could speak or move!!! We just stood and looked in admiration and wonder of the wonderful sight before us. Around the pole were idols erected of gold, silver, and stones of all shades and descriptions.

The next day, or at least it seemed a day, although it was daylight all the time, Hazel and Betty departed from life.

The following day, of course I'm not certain of the days, Nancy left me standing alone in this vastness of wealth. Soon after I also died. It was then that I noticed Hazel, Betty and Nancy had all turned to beautiful idols of great value. Then I turned to a golden idol too.

I suppose you are wondering how I could write this story as a dead corpse of gold. After I died, I lived and wrote this story. I had to write it to tell the rest of you not to come here. Stay away, and don't worship money as all of us here have done. We had billions before us but we could not touch it. BEWARE.....
Colleen Blake, '44.

THE THIRD STAIR

Our story begins in a small country town in Montana. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have sold their rocky and run down old farm and, have moved to a small farm in Nebraska. They have been there about a week when things really start to happen.

It was late in the evening when Mr. Brown decided to go upstairs for a hammer he had left up there. It was dark and he could not see his way. He stumbled up the stairs and felt his way into a room where he struck a match and found the hammer. He guided himself to the stairway with the match and then blew it out. He started down, one step after the other, until all of a sudden he lost his balance and started falling down the long flight. He fell on his shoulder and broke his collar bone. His wife came screaming, "Are you all right, John? What has happened to you?"

Half stunned he staggered to his feet. When his wife asked what had made him stumble, he stood and stared. Finally he answered. "I don't know; it felt like a push."

Mrs. Brown began to shake. "Do you think the place is haunted, John?"

"It certainly looks that way but I wouldn't worry too much about it."

On regaining his senses a little more, he realized that he had a very sore shoulder and it was very painful; he decided to call a doctor. The doctor came and examined him. He found a broken collar bone. Mr. Brown told the doctor of his disaster and that it had felt as if he had been pushed down the stairs. The doctor laughed. "It's only your imagination," he said. "You'll be all right in a couple of weeks. Now don't you, Mrs. Brown, worry about any ghosts because you know there isn't any such thing as a haunted house."

"But what caused me to fall, doctor?"

"Oh, you probably missed a step when you were coming down in the dark. I'll see you tomorrow night and I will prove that there is no such thing as a haunted house."

The next night the doctor arrived shortly after supper. He examined the broken bone and found that it was coming along all right. Then he sat down and talked for a while with the Browns.

Finally he decided to start on his journey up the long flight of stairs. He took one step after another until he finally reached the top. He hesitated a few minutes and then started back. He had come down three steps when he started to fall. He couldn't regain his balance and continued falling until he hit the bottom of the stairs. Mrs. Brown ran to him. "Are you all right, doctor?" she inquired anxiously.

He answered in a dazed voice. "Yes, I'm all right. You see we are taught how to fall in case of an accident like this."

"Well, what made you fall?" asked Mrs. Brown nervously.

"I scarcely know, but it did feel like a push."

It was then that they decided the house must be haunted. The Browns began to recall the occasion when they had said what a fool they had made out of the fellow who had bought their place in Montana. All this time the doctor had been thinking deeply. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Have you a ruler in the house?"

Mrs. Brown brought him one from the desk. "What are you going to do with a ruler, Doctor?" she asked.

"Oh, just make a little experiment. Now bring me a light."

He took the light which she gave him and started up the stairs. As he climbed, he measured the height of each step. "These all measure seven inches so far," said the doctor after measuring up five steps. He finally jumped up a few steps and started measuring again. He was on the third step from the top when he exclaimed, "I have found it! The third step from the top was eight and a quarter inches high. Well, this proves it. You see when you are coming down the stairs you expect to hit the next step as soon as you leave the one you are standing on. When you don't hit it you lose your balance."

It would be just the same as if you were walking in the dark and stepped off a ledge and started falling. This explains the ghosts and just as soon as you fix that step you will find that everything will be all right."

They then saw it all very plainly and started to laugh at their earlier thoughts and also at the farmer who had brought their rocky and hilly land. The doctor then slapped his hat on his head, grabbed his bag, and started on his way again.

"I proved that the house was not haunted, anyway," He laughed as he closed the door.

Giles Carr, '43.

TOMORROW I SHALL BE FREE

As I sit here shivering on this cold stone bench, a small shaft of light filters in through the small opening in the stone wall behind me, and barely reaches the small box near my knees. I feel the impulse to write. My temples seem to throb. Gruesome pictures flash through my mind. My entire body shakes as my pulse beats out. I try to shriek; and my lips and parched tongue move convulsively together in the attempt -- but no voice issues from my throat, and my cavernous lungs, which, oppressed as if by the weight of some enormous mountain, gasps and throbs, with my heart, at every elaborate thought that crosses my mind.

I grasp my pen - I cannot stand it any longer - I must write; write How and Why I am here - my hand shakes in anticipation - instantly I start to calm down - I cease to tremble, and my mind suddenly clears.

* * * * *

I am the descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excited nature has at all times been remarkable; and, in my earliest childhood, I gave clear evidence of having fully inherited the family characteristic. As I grew older I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest tricks and a prey to the most unreasonable passions. My Mother died early in life and, weakmindedly, my father did little to guide.

With this background I grew into a ghastly and loathsome man. I despised everyone. I was never welcomed. Many hours I spent alone - sulking.

One night, as I stared out of my window, I could see the light from my father's study in the opposite, or east, wing of the house. We rarely spoke - I had even moved into this section of the house to purposely avoid his contemptible presence. Standing there, I suddenly realized that for him, I would be one of the richest men in the world, and when he dies and when he dies

"No, No, No!! I couldn't kill him," I whispered hoarsely, and tried to force the thought from my mind.

But to no avail. The seed had been planted. Indeed it was fertile ground. That night I dreamed. Dreamed of all the hideous kinds of murder possibly imaginable. After each dream I woke, sweating and shaking. Finally I would calm down enough to sleep again, only to suffer another dream.

Next day I went strolling through the garden. Deep in my thoughts, I hadn't noticed that my father was nearby. As I raised my eyes to follow the flight of a vulture from a nearby field, I saw the bent form. I stood there, staring, transfixed. I was indeed frozen to the ground. Father glanced up and recognized the look in my eyes. He started to tremble.

"You're mad! Stark, raving mad!!" he screamed, and ran out of the garden.

Evidently he knew my thoughts. Now I had to work carefully. He fancied me mad. But he was definitely wrong! Madmen are careless - but I proceeded wisely - with caution - with foresight. For months I pondered. I rejected hundreds of ideas, for they involved a possibility of detection. Slowly I worked out my plan. Only once did my conscience bother me again. I had decided to be very kind to the old fool the last week. He knew anyway, so why not torture him a little. Every evening that last week I visited my Father. He was really scared when I entered the room to converse with him. Beades of sweat were quite obvious on his brow, and relief was written on his face in capital letters when I left.

While reading one of Edgar Allen Poe's stories recently, an idea struck my fancy at once. Father made a habit of reading in bed. I knew, too, that his bedroom was small and badly ventilated. Easily I substituted for his bed-side candle a wax-light of my own making. The next morning he was discovered dead in his bed by his valet, and the coroner's verdict was - "Death by the visitation of God."

Since there were no other relations, I inherited the entire estate. All went well with me for many years. Never once did the idea of detection enter my head.

Suddenly I became terribly bored and lonely. I knew that if I didn't have companionship soon, I would go crazy. Well - - after all, I was too young and too rich a man to spend my life entirely alone - so I started to associate with the right people. At first it was rather hard, after so many years, and, too, they were suspicious. But I soon suppressed that. As the years rolled by, I was persuaded to enter politics. The night of my election as deputy I received a box of flowers from some of my supporters. A short note was enclosed. For some undeterminable reason, my hands shook as I unfolded it. It began with, "They'll never know how easily you won."

The first three words stayed with me. "They'll never know".

A slight suspicion of detection entered my mind. But it couldn't be. Thereafter, though, at public gatherings, yes . . . even when I met a man on the street, I felt strangely relieved inside when I said, "They'll never know!" I took refuge in the phrase. I repeated it hourly.

One day, when the House of Deputies was in session, I fell into a trance and when I came too, I was standing in the aisle shouting, "They'll never know!" Everyone was staring at me. I grabbed my portfolio and stumbled out of the building.

That afternoon I walked. Walked for miles through the country. Over and over I said, "Don't be a fool. They'll never know. I have completed the Perfect Crime. Ha! The Perfect Crime!"

Yet I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I couldn't think. For days I fought with this . . . this overpowering thing that racked my brain with pain. I went through many torturous nights.

Then I took to opium, thinking I could have at least then a rest and some welcomed sleep.

Instead I was cursed with gruesome, horrible nightmares. Again and again my father came through to me and damned me. I would be weak and tired for days after. I looked in a mirror. I was no longer the same person. My face had lost its pallor; my eyes were sunken deeply into my skull. I had lost my soul! I was a walking corpse!

I rushed from my room, fell down the stairs and tumbled into the street. I threw myself at the nearest gendarme, and my story burst from my lips as I confessed my incredible crime.

Afterwards, they said I spoke surprising clearly, but forcibly, as though I couldn't live long enough to reveal my horrible deed. Now as I sit here in this cold dark dungeon, located at the far end of La Grande Rue du Mont St. Michel, writing the story of my useless life, I have an exhilarating feeling of relief. No longer do I hold that horrible secret pent up inside of me. For the first time since I killed my father I feel rested and surprisingly at ease with the world, for I will now pay my debt to society.

Today I set here in chains - Tomorrow I shall be free - I will have joined my soul.

Arnold M. Hall, '43.

BOOK REPORTS

(Winner)

"GUADALCANAL DIARY"

By Richard Tregaskis

"Guadalcanal Diary" brings before every reader the clear picture of our fathers and sweethearts fighting for the right to life, liberty, freedom, and justice of the United Nations. Richard Tregaskis tells us what news items do not tell us about "flank attacks," "shelling," and "strong patrol action." Richard Tregaskis produces this effect by giving us a much more detailed account of what went on at Guadalcanal.

The time of this story began on Sunday, July 26, 1942, somewhere in the Pacific. The chaplain had finished the service. Everyone was warm and lazy. Some men worked willingly, because they had nothing to do. Only a few of the high ranking officers knew their destination.

After 7 days of sailing everyone grew tense, for the news was around that they were near their destination. At this point the author changed boats. The zero hour had been set for Friday, at 4 A.M. which was August 7, 1942.

The landing was made without any opposition. At first, it was thought to be a trap laid by the Japs. After the Marines had established their beach-head, they pushed on with slight opposition and captured much booty. On August 8, they captured Henderson Field. From August 23 to September 6, the Marines were subject to almost constant bombardment from Jap destroyers, cruisers, and a submarine which shelled the shore nightly and which the Marines nicknamed "Oscar." On September 7 to September 24 there was a pitched battle for some heights, which were essential for further advances. On September 25, Richard Tregaskis returned to Pearl Harbor.

There were no outstanding characters other than the author, his fellow correspondents, and the Marines. Richard Tregaskis is rather a large man. He is 6 feet, 7 inches tall, and large in proportion. The main reason why he left is because he wore out his last pair of size 14 shoes and was wearing sneakers!

The purpose of this story is to explain the happenings at Guadalcanal Island in plain English, not in army terms.

There is humor scattered throughout the book.

The best part of the story was the landing. It was risky business. They did not know how strong the Japs were. The Japs were caught completely by surprise. The landing was highly successful.

My reason for liking the book was that every time I stopped, I was in suspense as to what would happen next. I was also interested

in just how the Japs were defeated at Guadalcanal Island.
Frank Bridges, '46.

"ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY"
By Helen MacInnes

Characters:

Martin Hearne - British Secret Service Agent impersonating a Briton.
Bertrand Corlay - A Briton who had turned to the Germans before the war.
Madame Corlay - The mother of Corlay, who learned of Hearne's disguise, but she kept his secret.
Anne Pinot - The girl to whom Corlay was engaged but did not love. She fell in love with Hearne and learned his secret.
Elsie - A Briton turned Nazi, looking only for power. Corlay was in love with her and she used him.
Myles - An American newspaper man the Germans wanted.
Kerenor - One of the villagers leading the people against the Germans.

Plot:

Bertrand Corlay, when the Germans invaded France, was wounded and taken to England. He resembled Hearne so much that Hearne was sent to Brittany disguised as Corlay to find out about the German troop movements.

When he arrived in France and looked over Corlay's belongings, he found secret papers linking Corlay and Elsie with the Nazis.

Later Hearne found an American named Myles hiding from the Germans whom he took to hide in his house. When the Germans came to take over the farm and learned whose it was, they said that Corlay could stay.

As soon as possible he went to see Elsie and learned of the Germans plans.

Soon Hearne took Myles to the coast where afterwards they found and overcame a traitor who was in league with the Nazis.

Myles was taken to England with a message from Hearne to the superior officer.

After Myles departed, Hearne went to a nearby village to have the new information he had obtained sent to England by radio. He then went back to the farm to warn the true Britons of the traitors whom they did not suspect.

In the meantime Elsie had received word from Corlay warning of Hearne's disguise, so that he was arrested. After being questioned he was beaten to unconsciousness again and again. Suddenly he was informed that he would be helped to escape. Some of the men in the town led by Kerenor lured most of the Germans out of town and

killed the guards. Then they took Hearne to an underground cavern where Ann looked after him until he recovered from the punishment inflicted on him.

Later as Kerenor was leading him safely from the town to the coast where he was to sail to England, they met Elsie with a German. Hearne put a silencer on his gun and shot the German. Kerenor killed Elsie. Then Hearne shot the German with his own gun, so that it would seem he had killed Elsie and shot himself to save the village from reprisals. Hearne traveled for nights until he reached a river which led directly to his appointed meeting place on the coast. There he was met by men from an English boat and returned home.

Lee Mitchell, '44.

AT PENNELL WE HAVE-----

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. A Sanford but no town. | 24. A Smith but no anvil. |
| 2. Pillsbury but no flour. | 25. A Gerry but no Colonna. |
| 3. White but no black. | 26. A Skillings but no award. |
| 4. A Reid but no clarinet. | 27. A MacDonald but no Jeanette. |
| 5. A Cliff but no ledge. | 28. A Charles and also Beaulieu
(Boyer) |
| 6. An Humphrey but no Bogart. | 29. An Irving but no Berlin. |
| 7. A Lee but no meadow. | 30. A James but no king. |
| 8. Cole but no heat. | 31. A Goff but no course. |
| 9. A Purinton but no lunch. | 32. A Prince but no princess. |
| 10. Ethel but no gas. | 33. A Paul but no Revere. |
| 11. Maxwell but no coffee. | 34. Say-wood but no maple. |
| 12. A Stewart but no butler. | 35. Strout but no trout. |
| 13. A Cooper but no Gary. | 36. A William but no Tell. |
| 14. A Thompson but no orchard. | 37. Red but no Skelton. |
| 15. Leon but no Neon. | 38. Tom but no Sawyer. |
| 16. A Hall but no corridor. | 39. Priscilla but no Alden. |
| 17. An Earle but no duke. | 40. Bridges but no rivers. |
| 18. Cummings but no goings. | 41. A Wing but no angel. |
| 19. Carr(s) but no gas. | 42. A Clark but no Gable. |
| 20. A Bea but no honey. | 43. Elizabeth but no beheading. |
| 21. A Robert but no Taylor. | 44. A Tripp without a voyage. |
| 22. A Kuch but no chef. | 45. A Farmer but no farm. |
| 23. A Betty but no Grable. | |
| 46. Dunn but no beginning. | |

THE IDEAL PENNELL STUDENT

Girl

Dress	Emily Maxwell
Personality	Colleen Blake
Grace	Alta Goff
Charm	Pauline Pollard
Complexion	Norma Humphrey
Hair	Carley Crommett
Eyes	Marion Thompson
Teeth	Ethel Tripp
Athl. Ability	Emily Maxwell
Scholarship	Colleen Blake
Sense of Humor	Merilyn Cole

Boy

Earle Wilson
Carlton Skillings
Walter Stewart
James Pollard
William Sanborn
Milo Cummings
Charles Dingwell
Harold Cooper
Carlton Skillings
Arnold Hall
Robert Purinton

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE JALOPY

Chauffers	-- Miss Reid and Mr. White
Body	-- Tommy Carr
Wheels	-- Nathan Paul, Reggie Clark, Charles Dingwell, James Pollard.
Steering wheel	-- Doris MacDonald
Head Lights	-- Barbara Smith and Pauline Pollard
Horn	-- Donald Strout
Gas	-- Ethel (Verrill)
Bumper	-- Charles Parker
Seats	-- Kenneth Saywood, Frank Bridges, and James Farmer
Tail light	-- Irving Verrill
Speed-o-meter	-- Carlton Skillings
Spare tire	-- William Sanborn
Mechanic	-- Lloyd Wing
Paint	-- Doris Beaulieu
Engine trouble and flat tires	-- Those not mentioned.

Submitted with apologies to the Freshman and Sophomore classes.

SCHOOL POLL

Girl

1. Best looking	Merilyn Cole
2. Quietest	Janice Doughty
3. Noisiest	Ethel Tripp
4. Most Bashful	Ethel Verrill
5. Best Athlete	Emily Maxwell
6. Most Flirtatious	Barbara Smith
7. Best All Round Sport	Colleen Blake
8. Most Industrious	Colleen Blake
9. Most Likely to Succeed	Colleen Blake

Boy

Earle Wilson
Lloyd Wing
Robert Purinton
Lloyd Wing
Earle Wilson
Harold Cooper
Carlton Skillings
Arnold Hall
Arnold Hall

Name	Favorite Companion	Pastime	Favorite Expression	Ideal Quality
JUNIORS				
Harold Cooper	Females	Flirting	"Yes Sir!"	Weight
Merilyn Cole	Norma H.	Fooling	"Gee Whiz"	Good looks
Norma Humphrey	Almon	Laughing	"Oh!"	Good taste
Shirley Purinton	H----??	Picking chickens	"Agrees"	Soprano
Clifford Purinton	Just around	Shipyard	"I'll tell you"	Strength to carry on
Robert Purinton	Too numerous	Lewiston	"Yup me"	Clowning
Walter Stewart	"Stretch"	Shadowing	"Hi Toots"	Athletic ability
Colleen Blake	Ethel T.	Letters from Red	"Are you kidding?"	Knowledge
Janice Doughty	Betty P.	Silence	"I don't know"	Bashfulness
Marion Thompson	R. G. ?????	Soldiers	"Yi---iiii"	Legs
Emily Maxwell	Donnie B.	Riding in a Ford	"Oh! Boy"	Athletic ability
Lee Mitchell	Solus	Photographer	"Who me?"	Studious
Leon Hitchcock	Solus	Being late	"I forgot it"	Red hair
SENIORS				
Beatrice Adler	E. Doughty	Primping	"Is that right?"	Blue eyes
Giles Carr	????????	Singing	"Oh, Yea!"	Smile
Milo Cummings	Phyllis N.	Visiting Phyllis	"What????"	Hair
Arnold Hall	Bea?????	Arguing	"Sh--hhh"	Ability to learn
Shirley Kuch	Carlton S.	Going after mail	"Naw"	Clothes
Geraldine Pollard	Louis????	Sewing	"Golly"	Singing
Jeanne Smith	Shirley	Following Shirley	"Gee"	Hair
Elizabeth Stetson	Johnny????	Working	"Well??"	Keeping house
Earle Wilson	C. C. ????	Skiing	"Huh??"	Teeth

JOKES



H.O.G.

JOKES

Grandfather -- Is my grandson, John Simpson, here in camp?
Captain -- I'm sorry, you just missed him, he's home on furlough attending your funeral.

Bob P. -- You know every time I hear the bell, it's ringing.

Miss Pillsbury -- What is the difference between a thinker and a non-thinker?

Harold Cooper -- A thinker is a man with his hand on his chin and a nonthinker is a man with his chin on the bar.

Teacher -- Why do you think women generally live to be older than men?

Pupil -- Paint is a great preservative, ma'am.

Two boys, Bob Purinton and Charley Dingwell, had been arguing for some time.

Bob -- I ought to know. Don't I go to school, stupid?

Charley -- Sure, and you come home that way too.

Harold Cooper -- You know my hair is full of electricity.

Colleen B. -- Why of course; it's connected to a dry cell.

Miss Pillsbury -- Not knowing her way about in a strange city, she pokes the bus driver and says, "Pardon me, but is this the First National Bank?"

Bus Driver -- "No, ma'am, them's my ribs."

Bob Purinton -- If I stand on my head, all the blood would flow to it, wouldn't it? Then when I'm standing on my feet, why doesn't the blood rush to them?

Shirley P. -- Your feet aren't empty.

Doris -- Can you typewrite?

Marion -- Yes, but I use the Columbus system.

Doris -- The Columbus system?

Marion -- Uh, huh. I find a key and then land on it.

Man -- (In a railroad station) I want a ticket to New York.

Clerk -- Would you care to go by Buffalo?

Man -- I don't know, I've never ridden one.

A young clergyman paying his first visit to his new parish, tried so hard to make a good impression that he found himself somewhat flustered. The new baby was presented to him and he asked, "How old is it?"

"Just six weeks," replied the mother.

"Is it your youngest?" he inquired nervously.

Bob -- In these hard times we should put a bridle on our appetites.

Cliff -- I would rather put a bit in my mouth.

Traffic Cop -- Use your noodle, lady! Use your noodle.
Lady -- My goodness! Where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car.

Kind Lady -- And how would you like a nice chop?
Weary Tramp -- Dat all depends, babe, is it lamb, pork, or wood?

Policeman -- Rastus, why are you running around the street with that rug under your arm?
Rastus -- Well suh, a lady done han' me dis rug an' tol' me tuh beat it, so heah ah be.

Harold C. -- Hello, Bob, got a new car?
Bob P. -- Yes, I went in the garage to use the phone, and I didn't like to come away without buying something.

First Sailor -- What do you have to be, to be buried with military honors? Do you have to be an admiral or what?
Second Sailor -- You have to be dead.

Colleen -- I seldom think of my audience when I'm singing.
Merilyn -- But you should have some consideration, dearie.

Prof. -- Dear me, this is very distressing.
Daughter -- What is it, Dad?
Prof. -- I gave a pupil a special course in memory training. Now he has forgotten to pay me and try as I will I cannot remember his name.

Harold C. -- Did you tell that kid brother of yours to stop mimicking me?
Arnold H. -- Yes, I told him to stop making a fool of himself.

Tip -- My mother says I'm a wit.
Tap -- Well, she's half right.

Judge -- I've lost my hat.
Lawyer -- That's nothing. I lost a suit here yesterday.

ALUMNI

This year we are continuing the policy of printing news of the last four years Alumni.

During the last four years the Skillings medal has been awarded to Frances Field, '39; Betty Blake, '40; Catherine McDonald, '41; and Ruth Smith, '42.

Officers of the Alumni are:

Acting President	- Gerald Kimball
Treasurer	- Mrs. Norma Liberty
Secretary	- Elsie Megquier

CLASS OF 1939

Vivian Boyd Bailey--Residing in Gray.
Everett Doughty--U.S. Army, Fort Crockett, Galveston, Texas.
William Duplisea--Army Air Base, Bishop, Calif.
Frances Field Manchester--Residing in West Gray.
Robert Glass--U.S. Army, Buick Motors, Flint, Michigan.
June Hall--Employed as Secretary in Portland.
Willis Hancock--U.S. Army, Camp Swananoa, N. C.
Mildred Hayes--Employed in Freeport.
Walter Hinds--U.S. Army.
Arvilla Humphrey--Attending Farmington Normal School.
Kathleen Jordan Chapman--Residing in Portland.
Olive Knudsen Day--Residing in Portland.
Sidney Leavitt--Employed at South Portland Shipyard.
Urban Roberts--Employed at Thomas Laughlin Co., Portland.
Ralph Sawyer--Attending Tufts College.
William Taylor--Deceased.
Raymond Winslow--U.S. Marine, Guadalcanal.

CLASS OF 1940

Miriam Bisbee--Teaching at Dover-Foxcroft.
Betty Blake Skillings--Residing in Portland.
Catherine Boyd Griffin--Residing in Connecticut.
Betty Cooper--Employed at Worcester, Mass.
Edward Delorme--Employed at Starr Laundry, Portland.
Almon Hall--U.S. Navy, Newport, R. I.
Charles Kuch--U.S. Army.
Arthur Lawrence--U.S. Army, Fort Bliss, Texas.
Beatrice Scribner--Employed as secretary in Portland.
Albert Skillings--Employed at Thomas Laughlin Co., Portland.
Annie Thibodeau--Training At Mass. General Hospital.
Laura Thompson Jewitt--Employed at Moustaki's, Portland.
Neal Morey--Employed by Todd Bath Shipyard.

Madeline Merrill--Attending New England Conservatory of Music.
Margarite Nichols Adams--Residing in Madison.
John Whitney--U.S. Army.
Marguerite Perry--Residing in Dry Mills.
Donald Verrill--Residing in Dry Mills.
Helen Winslow--Employed at Purinton Lunch, Portland.

CLASS OF 1941

Virginia Barton--Employed as Telephone Operator at Gray.
Henderson Beal--U.S. Army.
Christine Clark Morrison--Residing in Gray.
Jane Eaton--Attending Antioch College, Ohio.
Berenice Edwards--Attending Gorham Normal School.
Raymond Field--Coast Artillery, Fort Bliss, Texas.
Donald B. Hall--U.S. Navy, Newport, R. I.
Donald F. Hall--Apprentice Seaman, Camp Allen, Norfolk, Virginia.
Arthur Hitchcock--Employed by Todd-Bath Shipyard.
James Johnson--U.S. Marine, California.
Philip Kupelian--U.S. Navy, Newport, R. I.
Esther Libby--Telephone Operator at Gray.
Edra Maxwell Wilkinson--Residing in Cumberland.
Catherine McDonald--Telephone Operator at Gray.
Neal Merrill--U.S. Army.
Vernon Pollard--U.S. Navy, Newport, R. I.
Helen Russell--Telephone Operator at Gray.
Kathleen Sawyer Leavitt--Residing in South Gray.
Thurza Sawyer Hinds--Residing in Portland.
June Whitney--Residing in Gray.

CLASS OF 1942

Luella Boyd--Residing in Portland.
Dorothy Colley--Residing in Gray.
Edgar Dauphinee--U.S. Army.
Madeline Grant Pennley--Employed by W. T. Grant Co., Portland.
Roland Humphrey--U.S. Navy, Chicago, Ill.
Mae Muzzy--Residing in Gray.
Ruth Smith--Attending Becker College.

EXCHANGES

By exchanging yearbooks we are able to compare ours with those of other schools, thus being able to develop an all-round issue.

In the past we have had the pleasure of receiving exchanges from the high schools in Scarborough, Standish, Livermore Falls, Porter, Mechanic Falls, and Turner Center.

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